It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither armde againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee boy.
O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutius kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue:
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne, ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.

Death

Death lie thou there by a de
How oft when men are at
Haue they beene merrie? v
A lightning before death?
Call this a lightning? O m
Death that hath ſuckt the
Hath had no power yet vp
Thou art not conquerd, b
Is crymſon in thy lips, an
And deaths pale flag is no
Tybalt lyeſt thou there in
O what more fauour can
Then with that hand that
To ſunder his that was thi
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah
VVhy art thou yet ſo fa
Shall I beleeue, that vnſul
And that the leane abhor
Thee here in darke to be
For feare of that, I ſtill w
And neuer from this palla
Depart againe, come lie
Heer's to thy health, wh
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. T
Depart againe; here, her
VVith wormes that are t
VVill I ſet vp my euerla
And ſhake the yoke of in
From this world-wearie
Armes take your laſt em
The doores of breath, ſ
A dateleſſe bargaine to
Come bitter conduct, co
Thou deſperate Pilot, n
The daſhing Rocks, thy
Heer's to my Loue. O tr